

THE MASTER

MEDITATIONS IN VERSE

BY

C. JINARĀJADĀSA

THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

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INTRODUCTION

I PUBLISH these meditations in verse not as poetry, but as deep thoughts and feelings striving to find some expression, and attempting to do so in verse. I am aware that my metre is often faulty and that in many places the rhyming is false. I am a great lover of poetry, and now happily for me the poetry of several languages of Europe is a source of consolation. But for all my love of poetry, I am not a poet—yet. I shall never, in the long series of lives ahead of me, be a great poet however much I strive, for the great poets come forth from the Absolute with that destiny of theirs woven into the texture of their souls. But with striving, I hope to be a passable “minor poet” in a life to come. And one has sometime, somewhere, to begin one’s apprenticeship. I am not therefore ashamed to publish these verses. They were written for myself, and the first four twenty years ago. I publish them now because some say that even if Those whom Theosophists have termed the “Masters” do really exist, They should not be allowed to influence our daily actions—as if when the sun rises the flowers should refuse to open ! I desire to show my friends that to me at least my own Master is a living reality. These meditations, intimate and revealing, have no value except to friends who know me and my work. Even to them, the lessons they convey will

perhaps be that "who runs fast must pay for his speed," and that to find the Master is to find the Reality.

How living a reality the Master is it is utterly impossible to describe in words. Last year, in London, speaking at a Theosophical gathering, I attempted to describe this reality in the following words.

I desire here to give my testimony that the Master whom I have followed this life for the last forty-two years has never been to me a "crutch" on which I could lean in any one of my weaknesses. Never once has He made my path easier for me, nor helped me to climb over stiles and obstacles ; never once has He prevented me from committing mistakes due to my thoughtlessness or selfishness. But He has ever been to me what a lighthouse is to a ship in a stormy sea—a flashing blinding beam cleaving the dark of the storm clouds to show that the harbour is not far away, and so not to despair but to take courage.

He has been one other thing in my life—the most precious thing which a soul can find. Among all the millions in the world, He is the one who alone has understood. He has never condoned one sin, but He has understood why I sinned ; He has not mended my broken plans, but He has understood what was the dream behind my planning. To know that there is one who understands, not only at the long last, but all the time, even while one is blundering and suffering ; to know that there lives one who, while utterly just, is yet full of understanding—it is this too that gives me courage to dream on, while all round me is ruin.

If I offer Him all my love and service, it is because He is the living symbol of what I hope to become some day ; if I bend the knee before Him in gratitude and utmost reverence, it is because He is to me the glorious promise that I too shall some day love all mankind with the wondrous intensity of love with which He loves all men to-day. He is the God without me rousing the God within me to be aware of my destiny, which is to strive through the ages to establish a Kingdom of Joy for all men.

Sometimes I have been asked if I have seen my Master. That question always puzzles me somewhat, because I cannot immediately grasp what the questioner means. I have to force myself into his standpoint, and

say, "Do you mean with my physical eyes?" For to me, this "seeing" with physical eyes brings me so little into contact with the real reality I know and live in. The most real person in my life today is one whom these my physical eyes will never see again; yet that brother of mine is "closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet," a thousand thousand times more real than the loveliest person just now near me as I write, the venerable President of the Theosophical Society. No; with these physical eyes I have not seen my Master, whose physical abode just now happens to be Tibet. Yet all these years—forty-three years now—I have "seen" Him in such a way that—well, I cannot explain. Perhaps the reader may grasp a little after he has read the poems.

Would not the Master be more "real," beyond all doubt, if I were to see Him, with my physical eyes? Is He not just a mere phantasy? No. Were I to see Him, as men call "seeing," it would only mean that one more memory, that of the eyes, would be added to the long series of memories of Him which I have. But He would not be *more* real. Have I received orders from Him, teachings from Him? Yes. And yet not seen Him? And yet not seen Him. But may it not be that it is all an illusion? Once again, No. For what constitutes "reality" is a matter of values, and each individual must create his own values. I created mine long ago, and according to them this physical world has long had for me a great unreality, compared to the "realness" of the worlds which are not physical. All our senses can

become stepping-stones to a Yonder ; when that happens, then I know by experiences of mingled bliss and pain that “like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul” after that Yonder.

The supreme Reality is indeed the “Goal,” as Krishnamurti calls it. It is just because the Master is the ever flaming flashing pointer to that Goal that He is so real ; it is because, after one has known Him, the Master becomes the unerring compass pointing to the true north of rightness in thought and feeling, and of efficiency in service, that He and the Goal are discovered as the two poles in time of one timeless Reality.

To understand the Master more and more as He works, to take from His shoulders a tiny part of the heavy burden of Humanity which He carries, it is these utterly real things that enable one to “carry on” in a world so unreal that the heart nearly dies living in it, though in that world millions live and suffer (and I among them).

Weary unto death,

I crave but sleep ;

But a Voice then saith :

The Many weep.

Love will I fulfil—

Though I must weep—

Renouncing, until

The Many sleep.

It is because the Master so loves, and so renounces, that He is my Master, the glorious Archetype revealing to me what I too shall become some day.

I. PRAYER

Boyhood's dreams are over,
Heaven's light flies ;
Though manhood brings power,
Innocence dies.

The world's lovely glamour
Denies the Way ;
The heart's very clamour
Urges me to stray.

Once more to Thee I turn,
Father and Friend,
Who knowest how I yearn
My life to mend ;

While lasts the long journey
To greet the Light,
Teach me someday to be
Thy perfect knight.

II. MORNING PRAYER

Dawns yet another day,
Father and Friend ;
Wisely must choose the way,
Nor Love offend.

Pitfalls are everywhere
For word and act ;
To Thee I send my prayer
For heedful tact.

Though now I tread the road
Weary unto death,
For Thee will bear the load
Till the last breath.

When begins the journey
Heavenward home,
Lovingly, lovingly,
To call me, come !

III. IN MANUS TUAS *

Weary and spent I scarce may tread the Way,
Heavier grows the burden day by day ;

Yet in inmost heart thus I pray :

In manus Tuas, Domine.

I strive for best, and yet I fall to worst,
Vanquished and helpless, oft I bite the dust ;

Yet in inmost heart thus I pray :

In manus Tuas, Domine.

Welcome as summer rain to thirsting soil,
Sweet were death as respite from weary toil ;

Yet in inmost heart thus I pray :

In manus Tuas, Domine.

Though hope be fled of the sunrise to come,
And the night drags on, and I long for home ;

Yet in inmost heart thus I pray :

In manus Tuas, Domine,

In manus Tuas, Domine.

* Psalm 31. (Latin) *In manus Tuas commendo spiritum meum : redemisti me, Domine Deus veritatis.* (English) *Into Thy hands I commend my spirit : for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth.*

IV. THE SANCTUARY

When the world shall ban me
 In disgrace,
And all men shall spurn me
 To my face ;

Know I a Sanctuary,
 Has no lock ;
Whenever I enter,
 Need not knock.

There waits a Beloved—
 Only Heart !—
To give understanding,
 Heal each smart ;

Wrapt in that radiance,
 Sorrow dies ;
Waked from life's weary dream,
 Love revives.

Doing and undoing
 Cease to be,
In one dear eternal
 Mystery.

When the worlds shall crumble
 Fate-decreed,
Safe in my Sanctuary,
 Need I heed ?

V. FLOWERS

Word that is true and voice that is kind,
Thought that is just from a selfless mind,
Help that is swift and hurt that is spared,
Grief that is hid and joy that is shared—

These be the flowers that I cull this day,
Smiling at eve in Thy hand to lay.

Hope springing new each morn from hope's grave,
Will that is bent on a world to save,
Love loving many that seeks but One,
Dreams of a Future when woe is done—

These be the flowers that I cull this day,
Smiling at eve in Thy hand to lay.

VI

Never so foul that I am foul to Thee,
O blest thought !
Foul shall change to spotless purity,
By Thee wrought.

Dark is only where the sun's bright rays
May not come ;
Sin is only when I turn my gaze
From my Home.

Nights and days that pass in changeful tide,
Grant one boon ;
Yonder, where my heartaches nestling bide,
Bring me soon.

VII. REFUGIUM

Like as a musician,
Poised on a discord,
Moves to new position
Chord by chord ;

Seeking peaceful harbour
In another key,
Makes with loving labour
Harmony ;

So I with each sorrow
Has my hopes undone,
Surcease swift to borrow
Fly to One.

There a refuge finding,
While He watch doth keep ;
On His heart mine binding,
Softly sleep.

Like as a musician,
Idly weaving chords,
Hears as in a vision
New accords ;

Breathless strives to capture,
Building in a theme,
The world to enrapture
With his dream ;

So I with each blessing,
That my heart has won,
Eager for caressing,
Fly to One.

There each seed of wonder
Bursts in leaf and bloom,
Longing to surrender
Its perfume.

As for me discord
Changes to chord,
And life's annoy
Changes to joy,
Flying to One ;

So in Him living
Soon will I learn,
The life of giving
To all that yearn,
Flying to One.

VIII. PRAYER

Guide Thou my feet away from heaven's gate,
 Father and Friend,
For now with eager heart each day I wait,
 To greet life's end ;

And strength have none renouncement due to make
 Of all my dreams,
To pour with pity's might for men to take
 Love's healing streams.

Teach Thou my heart to know that when Love weeps
 Renouncing all,
That then the Lord of Love in splendour keeps
 High festival.

Let now Thy son of dreams in Thee abide,
 Awaiting day,
To sail at Heart's own will, with Love's own tide,
 Far, far away.

IX. LOVE THAT UNDERSTANDS

When of my strength I doubt
To reach the end,
And failure stands without
Past power to mend ;

Then, Love that understands,
I fly to Thee,
Committing to Thy hands
My misery.

O Fire that purifies,
And makes me clean ;
Restoring Paradise,
Where I have been ;

Grant Thou my mind may move
As Thy mind wills,
Reflecting in my love
Thy heart's Idylls.

X. IN THY NAME

In Thy name to think, to feel,
And dedicate ;

In Thy name the will to steel,
And consecrate ;

In Thy name each hour to plan
My worth to prove ;

In Thy name the world to span
With heart of love ;

In Thy name with patience true
To bear all pain ;

In Thy name when skies are blue
To smile again—

Thus my heart on Thine to bind
Is purity ;

Thus alone each day I find
Security.

XI

A flower I,
In His heart's garden :
Offering the scent
Of that renouncement
Which all must make,
Who undertake
The high quest.

A flame I,
On His heart's altar :
Eternal highway
Of all souls who pray
God to reveal,
Or man to heal,
Without rest.

A song I,
Of His heart's music :
Singing of the bliss
Which joins THAT to This,
With work and play,
In endless day,
The one zest.

XII

Long I dwelt a heap of fuel, dry and dark,
Useless in the scheme of things, inspiring none ;
Came one day a point of light, a tiny spark,
Touched me—left me—but from then I was a Sun !

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